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DEMOCRAT AND STAR, JACOBY & IKELER:

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Mr. -in Bhive's Block, Corner of Main and Iron Streets. JACORY & IKELER Bloomsburg, Columbia County, Pa.

Spring Fashions for 1866. Curls and Puffs, and Padding,
Waterfalls and Fizzes,
False Maria Janes,
And artificial Lizzies.
Wedl from Merino, Also from the nigger, Done in whopping pads, And fastly growing bigger. Oh! were fashions ever Equal to the present? Haif a sack of taters, Three quarters of a pheasant. Beads as big as cricket balls,

And there's a bowl of fishes. Cage with two canaries,
Makes a pretty hat,
Kennel with a terrier,
What do you think of that?
Won't the feathers cluster?
Won't the husbands wriggle-Whey they see the things come home, And won't the ladies giggle?

Buttons large as dishes,

Brick" Pomroy to Bill Arp. Bill, for why do you still Arp on my daughter sig to speak? There must be something very wrong in your nature. Recken you anust have lost something, or found a horse oe and no horse to hang it on. We behere you are a very had Bill, and so we don't like to pass you in silence. You write as if there was something wrong with you-as'if there were clouds floating over the land of magnolias and the sunny South generally. -Really, Bill, we are surprised.

There never was so ungrateful a people as your Southern gentlemen are, and now after all has been done for you, to see letters writon by you so full of insinuations is too

The fault of all this lies with you. Weren't folks most doggoned wicked before this war! Honest Indian now, Bill! Didn't you get proud, and is not pride a sin? And didn's you own niggers down there, and larrup them continually to raise cotton for New England nabobs to spin-sugar to sweeten our coffce rice to eat in our puddings and tobacco to chew and squirt over our meeting house floors? Answer us, Bill. And didn't you folks stay down there and attend to bu-siness a little too close? And didn't you have better horses, better clothes, better houses, finer grounds, better farniture and more land than we had?

We are all Christians in the North. We felt that all these fine things were dragging your souls down to hell. We didn't want you to rest in brimstone being in torment, so we tried to correl you in Abraham's bosom. Abraham was a great and good man who died some time since, as we read of some

And then, Bill, you kept your niggers too fat. Our factory operatives grew jealous .-And our girls went down there to teach your girls something, and fell in love with your boys, and forgot to come home. We felt that you were wicked. We didn't want you to go to hell! All the fine things you had were leading you away from salvation, so we sent Butler, and Curtis, and Banks, and Washburn, and Steele, and Hovey, and Prentiss, and Hurlburt, and several of the elect of our Christian churches down there to win you out of the jaws of hell, by with drawing your line furniture, such as pianos, books pictures, rosewood bedsteads, marble bles, silverware, horses, cotton and all each plunder, to a place of safety.

You were wrong to engage in war-very wrong to do that thing. New England alone could conquer you. Why, Bill, if you had a billion of millions of dollars, and enough nice furniture to furnish all the houses in the country, New England could steal it in four years; and if New England Abotionists could not the Kansas saints and estern children of Christian Abolitionists

Il. States once in can never get out! That what we always told you. All those friends of the great martyr tellyou so. We wanted to keep you in. We fought you at Antietam, Pea Ridge, Gettysburg, Vicksburg, Fredericksburg, Shiloh, Mobile, Fort Donelson and the Devil only knows where, to keep you in the Union. And then we sent Christian missionaries down there, Bill, to rescue your valuables and remove them forth, for safety you know. And we burnt down your houses, and we took what food your wives and children had, and we sent your cotton to market for you you know, Bill. And we sent three million men to war to keep you durned fellers in this happy Urion.

good for five southern men, to say nothing about mules, niggers, cotton and keepsakes. And, Bill, we have stepped into some little debt on your account. You see, Bill, cotton was too cheap. Tobacco was too cheap .-Rice was too cheap. Sugar was too cheap. Happiness was too cheap. Our national debt wass too small. It was costing too much to keep that negro boarding house of yours, so we remedied that by killing your niggers or giving them the benefit of liberty rags, old bones and Abolitionism. And we made your cotton more valuable. And Bill. we enhanced the price of everything for you and made a demand sor carpenters and house puilders down there. You forget how we have benefitted your wicked country, Bill, or you would not Arp so continually on imaginary evils.

And we thid all this to keep you in the Union. We sent old John Brown, peace to his ashes! fresh from stealing horses in Kansas, to atone for his sins by rescuing negroes from your grasp in Virginia. And didn't we throw some few iron into Charleston harbor? The waters of the Pool will be a good tonic for years, Bill! And didn't Curtis save your cotton? Didn't Butler save your gold and protect your women?-And didn't Banks save your Red River property? And didn't two hundred and eighteen generals get rich as mud from finding things you folks had lost? And is not there houseful after houseful of keepsakes up North, picked up in the woods and on woodpiles by our army chaplains and our moral boys, while you were trying to kill those of our folks who wanted to visit you to keep your souls from Hell?

Bill, you are ungrateful! And then didn't we keep this war up, till the States were all back in the Union? And didn't we go to war and keep on going to war to keep your dog goned States from going out of the Union? And didn't you want to get out of the Union? And didn't we act magnanimous, and as soon as the war was over, unite in saying you were out of the Union? Really, Bill, it seems as if you had it all your own way. This war has proved a success! We were bound to push it through in ninety days, and we should but for your stubborness. All we wanted was your niggers, and your cotton, mules, furniture, silver. but he kept on his way, taking no outward ware, and such odd tricks which you folks notice of it. could buy better than we could, for you had more money! It was wrong to keep slaves, Bill. but it was not wrong to steal.

This war was to preserve the Union .-Everybody said so. The Union has been preserved -so much for us. Now, brethren, let us pray.

Your States are kept out of the Union which is still preserved! You want reconstruction. We'll reconstruct you! You folks are very wicked, Bill. God punishes wickedness. God's agents live in the North exclusively, Bill! And we'll let you back in the Union, which has been preserved, when we get ready. First, you must hunt up the balance of your property and give it to some of our great and good agents or generals.-Then you must move out of your houses, that is, what are left, and let the niggers in. And you must give the nigger your plantations. And, Bill, you must give them all your property, and support the innocent cause of the late war by manual labor. And you must let the niggers vote, for they are wanted for Republican Congressmen, Senators and such. And you must ignore all even upon the basis of honor. And you your name was-" must help us for licking you. And ere you do this, you must have all your property taken from you, so it will be easy. We are a just and magnanimous people in the North!

dress better than we do.

Personally, we know but little of your our folks were stealing from some of your of apologies, he politely bade the humble plot. generals with robbing and cowardice. And home for thinking much as you think, but now we are convinced that the war for the success—that the country is better off—that negroes are happier—that people are in better circumstances, especially the thieves and robbers who have fattened upon blood and stolen their enemies poor-that the way to make one section of the country love another section is to fight, rob steal and desolate them into happiness-that our taxes are lighter-that republican retrenchment and reform is a good thing for poor people and taxpayers-that the sure way to national greatness is to quarrel with sections continually-that a people are apt to love persecutors-that it is honorable and an evidence of manly Christianity to hammer a man after he is down-that it is a blessing for poor men to pay interest on bonds the ich hold not taxable-that the negroes are better off in rags, sickness and shallow graves than at contented labor-that it is unchristian to resent insults, and that you folks

admire the present state of affairs in the Union, so called. O'S SCILLOSI "BRICK" POMEROY.

down South, and especially you, Bill Arp,

so called, are an ungrateful people not to

THE eastern papers are publishing a phrenogical chart of Butler. We have examin ed it, but see no account of the bump

Could'nt tell by his Dress.

Some years ago a wealthy carriage maker residing in Philadelphia, was very much annoyed by calls of hackmen, cabmen, omnibus drivers, etc., who under pretence of wishing to purchase would put him to considerable trouble, in showing them all the various vehicles he had on hand and telling them the difference, the very lowest price of each : and would leave with the consolng idea that they would "think on it" and if they concluded to purchase, "why they'd call again to-morrow." But it so happened that they never called again the second time. This daily inquiry, we say, had become so annoying that the owner, in self-defense, had resolved on not paying any attention to a customer, unless he came well dressed. About this time the owner was one day standing in his door, when up came a rough looking man, well bundled in his overcoat, wearing coarse, unpolished boots, and carrying in his hand a whip, who thus accosted

"Good day sir. Are you the owner of this stablishment?"

"Well, I am," replied the other, with a look which seemed to say." "Now you want to try it, don't you?"

"Have you any fine carriages for sale?" inquired the stranger, apparently not heeding the boorishness of the other.

"Well, I have." "At what price?" "Different prices of course." "Ah! yes. Can I look at them?"

They are in there." The stranger bowed politely, passed in examined the vehicles for a few moments.

"You can do as you please, stranger.-

returned and said: "There is one I think will answer my pur-

pose," pointing toward one. "What is the "Two hundred dollars, sir."

"Is that the lowest?" "That is the lowest."

csion to-morrow;" and the stranger walked

"Yes, you'll call to-morrow! O, yes certainly," replied the owner in a tone of irony, not so low but that the stranger heard him;

The next day came, and with it came the stranger also.

"I have come according to promise," said

"I see you have, sir;" replied the owner;

"I will take that carriage, sir," and to the astonishment of the other, he pulled out an old wallet well stuffed with bills, and deliberately counted out two hundred dollars.

The owner was completely staggered. Here was something new, a cabman with so much money! He took the money, looked at it, and then at the stranger, eyed him from head too foot and examined his boots attentively. Then he counted his money over and held up each bill to the light to see if it was counterfeit. No! all were good. A thought struck him. He would find out

"I suppose you would like a receipt?" said he at length to the stranger. "It may be as well."

"Yes sir. What name?" "Washington Irving."

"Sir." said the other, actually starting

around his mouth. man sir! I did indeed!"

their dress.

YOUR MOTHER. - Speak kindly to your mother, and ever courteously, tender of her. But a little time and you shall see her no more forever. Her eye is dim, her form is bent, and her shadow falls graveward. Others may love you when she is past away, a kind-hearted sister, perhaps a kind-hearted brother or one whom, of all the world, you may choose for a partner, may love fondly; but never again, while time is yours, shall the love of one be to you as that of your old rembling mother has been,

In agony she bore you; through puling helpless infancy, her throbbing breast has been your safe protection and support; in your wayward child ood she bore patiently with your thoughtless rudeness, and nursed you through a legion of ills and maladies.-Her hand it was that bathed your burning brow or moistened your parched lips, hereve that lighted up the darkness of wasting nightly vigils, watching always in your fretful sleep. Oh, speak not her name lightly, for you cannot live as many years as would suffice to thank her fully. Speak gently, then to your mother; and you too, shall be old, it shall in some degree lighten the re-morse which will be yours for other sins, that never wantonly have you forgetten the Why Mrs. Swisshelm was Removed.

Some of the radical journals are complaining bitterly that Mrs. Swisshelm, who held a clerkship in the Quartermaster's Depart- pass in the streets below. Just now came ment at Washington, was removed by order of Secretary Stanton. Mrs. Swisshelm is the editress and proprietor of a journal en- seated behind him, and a child throned in ritled the Reconstructionist, and the article the woman's lap-nothing remarkable in on account of which the Secretary of War that either. And it required no particular dismissed her is as follows. If such a pro- shrewdness to determine that the woman duction had been published in a Richmond was the better half of the man, and that paper General Grant would have ordered its the round faced baby was joint heir of both

[From Mrs. Swissbelm's Reconstructionist.] THE ASSASSINATION PLOT.

When President Lincoln was murdered. early all loyal people believed that the few thought otherwise. Of these, two said to us, "You are mistaken. They know

tained. It was too dreadful to believe that come to town-perhaps two girls and a boy. of confidence from the loyal millions was simply a skillful actor playing patriot the better to serve the cause of treason. But their product and purchase their supplies. these shrewd prophets shook their heads and said. "You will see."

the inauguration he was drinking freely with tally. The baby is shifted from one shoulblatant copperheads. His appearance on der to the other, or placed down on the that occasion is matter of history; and the floor, while calicoes are priced, tea tested deep disgrace of it was never exaggerated and plates "rung." The good wife looks by any published account. His intempe- askance at a large mirror which would be rance was excused on the ground that they just the thing for the best room-but it had drugged his brandy, and it is possible won't do; they must just wait till next year. they may have done so, but certainly not Ah! there are symphonies in those "next of his presidency they have been his visitors and purchase their supples, the husband the face of the earth." and apparently confidential friends. That while keeping count lest the bill shall exceed class of Washingtonians who never went to the balance due. Then comes an aside conthe White House while President Lincoln ference, particularly confidential. She takes Yankee-the horse-leech of the East who lived, but always refused to recognize him him affectionately by the button, and looks crieth, give ! give !" as President, and spoke of him with scorn, up in his face-she has fine eyes, too-with

assassination plot to get rid of one thus in wants a drum, and Jane a doll, and Nellie a 15. "Behold, ye have thrown down the Purple, I knew just how it would be. I leaders of the secession ranks, or was that so's." The father's looks say "nonsense," mit a crime they knew he had not the cour- rency, and the happy mother hastens away, taken away." tended to get rid of President Lincoln and all the way home-not for the bargain she Mr. Seward there can be no doubt. The at- has made, nor for the busy life she has seen. blessed." tempt on Mr. Stanton's life was likewise in but for the pleasant surprise-only half dence were not closely followed on the trial, little lambs at home. And we can sit here the Heavenly Hyena." and the necessity for his death was not im- and imagine the joys of that family group, minent, for he could be removed.

they got him. That it was the South which is so cheap, what a wonder there is not more nominated Mr. Johnson, through indirect of it in the world. influence; that Mr. Johnson labored cunningly for that nomination by boisterous professions of loyalty, and the thrusting forward of ultra pledges designed to be broken. there is no longer any doubt. That he was prepared beforehand to serve the purpose of treason there can be no doubt; that his administration and its programme were part and parcel of the assassination plot we have

no longer the shadow of a doubt. This does not make it necessary that he

honored guests of the White House, that this veto is part of the murderous programme, northern copperheads would not insult a loyal people by their insolent rejoicings, and traitors of the South would stand aghast before their indignation.

A RADICAL CROWD. - A Republican Maine, who had served out his time of 3 days in the Augusta jail, was asked when he came out how he liked it. "I had a bully time," said he. "There were 76 inmates of the jail, and not a d-d Democratamongst

MANY a woman thinks she can do nothing

Sights from our Sanctum.

Sometimes we sit musing upon the outlook from our sanctum windows, and build phantom lives to fit the forms and faces that a wagon-nothing strange in that, certainly. And a man driving the team, and a woman -so much we saw-so much we suppose everybody saw who looked. It is a fair inference to suppose that the wife came to town to help her husband "trade out" the proceeds of eggs and butter that were stored South had made a serious mistake. A very in the pans and pots half hidden under the seat. The pair were this side-and its a fine point of observation, too-this side of what they are about. Andy Johnson is forty, and it is presumptive, if blessed like other folks they have left two or three chil-The thought was too horrible to be enter- dren at home "to keep house while they the man who had just received such marks or, as it is immaterial to us, two boys and Let us follow this pair as they dispose of

They enter a store which is advertised, of known no more with us." course, and the eggs are all counted, the One thing was certain. The morning of butter weighed and the clerks put down the Can it be possible that it was part of the they talk of? Toys for the children; John be held sacred." as the drum, the doll and the book are pro-The business was to get the President, and duced-wasn't it a great house! Happiness dogs.

From the Washington Correspondence of the Nash Robert Lincoln-Gossip in High Life.

late President? He was generally liked 23. "As they of old have scoffed at the here, as an amiable and intelligent young word of God, so have they hated charity, and gentleman, not quite equal to his father in loved contention and strife. ability, but of superior culture. A story is | 24. "They have desired to see the land a just now current in which his name is so desert, that power and dominion might re- dusty room, and Mrs. Purple's tongue. Who freely bandied, and so universally that, see- main to them. should have known of the intended assassi- ing that all the parties are of public notorieyour personal or war debts, and not pay them back with amazement, "did I understand nation. We do not think either Tyler or ty, there may be no impropriety in alluding ers, shall be brought low, because they have Fillmore knew that the men who used them to it. Nearly two years ago, so the story hated Justice and Mercy in the hour of their "Washington Irving," replied the other, intended murdering Harrison and Taylor, runs, Robert fell in love with a young lady, an almost imperceptible smile hovering but in all these cases the assassins knew their whose father was at the time out of office men, and these three Presidents, made and out of money. To be in this condition "Washington Irving-sir-my dear sir." Presidents by assassination, are each with at Washington is next to being convicted of We are liberal and brotherly! We want stammered the owner, confusedly, "I-I- their administrations as much incidents of forging a Government bond or murder in peace and harmony. We don't want you I-really, sir, beg ten thousand pardons, sir, the rebellion-emanations from the brain of the first degree, and the idea of marrying the folks to go to hell, nor do we want you to but pardon me!-I mistook you for a cab- the arch-fiends and wholesale murderers who lady in that condition was not to be thought plotted that rebellion-as was the starvation of. So the amiable Robert set about mend-"No excuse, my friend," replied Irving. of our men at Andersonville, or the poison- ing the matter, and made a desperate effort country. In eighteen hundred and sixty- "I am no better than you took me for. You ing of our armies. Whether known or un- to secure the proposed father-in-law a seat three we left your country immediately in acted perfectly right," and having at length known to Mr. Johnson, his veto message is in the lower House of Congress. He failed advance of a bayonet for saying that some of succeeded in getting his receipt, amid a host the further unfolding of the assassination in this, however, and was at a dead halt. when luckily a member of the Cabinet died. folks, and for writing naughty letters to the carriage maker "good day," and left him to That assassination was a change of base in Here was a vacancy, and the lover speeding La Crosse Democrat, charging some of our the chagrin that he had mistaken for a cab- the traitor war for the destruction of the ing on the wings of passion, amorous, flew man a man whose lofty genius had com- Union. The veto is the Sumpter guns of to the President and stated the whole case we have had a very pleasant time of it at manded the admiration of the whole world. this second era of the war, and it will prob- to him with great frankness. "I like your The friend who related this anecdote as ably be followed by a Bull Run and Ball's way of doing things, Bob," said Mr. Linserted that it was a fact, and told to him by Bluff-by disaster and apparent defeat to coln, "and, if possible I will work the thing preservation of the Union was a splendid the veritable owner himself. It doubtless the loyal millions whose weapons are once for you." To cut a long tale short, he proved a lesson to him not to judge men by more turned upon them by their trusted did "work it"—the broken down politician agents. Andrew Johnson has his plans ma | became a member of the Cabinet; the young tured. He is in full sympathy with the affiance was suddenly converted into a leader South, and will follow up his present advan- of fashion; and all went sweetly as a martage to the bitter end. Let the people riage bell toward the wedding day. But the nerve themselves to do what they can. They adage never fails to hold its own, and in this, can and will save the government; but there as in every other case, the course of true is great danger of a repetition of the mis- love did not run smooth. The hand of the takes and delays and dreadful disasters of assassin interposed. The young gentleman the first stage of this war. There is great found himself bereft of father, of fortune danger of a kid-glove campaign under some and of place at one fell swoop. On the Daniel Webster on Paper Mon- meal baken on the earth! other hand, the Cabinet member created by Could the people be made to feel that the his interposition, had experienced a change assassins of President Lincoln are now the of fortune; for, having shuffled his cards skillfully, he was just returned a Senator i Congress. The lady wavered; the nuptials were postponed; and, finally, as visions of a gay eareer and better match began to flit across her beautiful blue eyes, she resolved that she was not so much in love as she had been, and she broke off the engagement alogether. I tell you the tale as it was told to me. It is just now the gossip of the hour: and as I have no doubt it will appear in print-such secrets being too valuable and too notorious for a poor devil of a letterwriter to keep-I give you the benefit of it. It is an apt illustration of the world and the

fickleness of womankind.

ACCORDING TO DIXIT. CHAPTER IV.

1. At that time, the people of the South ent messengers to the King, saying:

2. "Behold, we have been beaten and brought low, our elders, and young men have fallen by the edge of the sword; we have ecome mourners with no one to show us

3. "An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth, hand for hand, foot for foot, have been taken from us.

4. "Burning for burning, wound for wound, stripe for stripe, have been dealt out

"The bondman and the bondwoman

have been set free, our vineyards have been laid desolate, our fields have become a prey to the destroyer. 6. "The lowing of our kin is heard no

more in the pleasant valleys; nor the bleating of our sheep from the hill tops." 7. "Our homes have been made food for

the flames, our treasures have vanished as the mists of the morning." 8. "Our fine linens, and purple, and prec-

ous stones, and vessel's of gold and of silver, vea, even the toys of our little ones, are 9. "For, behold, they do now gladden the eves of the godly roundhead, the burner of

witches is delighted therewith." 10. "The bean-eater, now suppeth from the spoons of our childran: he singeth psalms

11. "With out raiment hath he clad the daughters of his household; he drinketh

his rum from our curs." 12. "We have bowed down our heads and with the view of doing him a fatal injury; years" that charm away all the vexations of have become obedient to the laws; let thy

13. "Let thy hand protect the helpless who

14. And the King answering said: "I am I trimmed—fretful babies to be put to sleen began at once to visit Johnson, and were an expression eloquent of "do now, it will moved by compassion for you, and have while one eye is on the broiling meat and the graciously received. * * * please them so!" And what do you think sworn that the laws and the covenant shall other on the muddy foot-print unwittingly

secret bonds of friendship with northern book, all pictures, "just like Susy So-and" sword, and Peace again blesseth the land." wonder if you know the use of a scraper on 16. "I shall therefore break the bands with a door mat. I should after all the time I've stunid, miserable wretch, Atzeroth, duped but his heart says yes, and his hand gives which you have been bound, the scourge spent in cleaning up-" into the belief that they wished him to com- out-slowly, to be sure-the requisite cur- with which we have been afflicted shall be

no opportunity to commit? That they in- veals her mother's heart, and she is happy vineyards, plant ye and till the earth, and in by, however trying it may be to the feelings seed time and harvest shall ye again be of the baby's father.

18. "The hand of the destroyer will I stay; good faith, but the chain links of the evi- promised—she has in store for her precious I shall hold you harmless at the hands of ry principles of keeping a house neat.

19. "The howlings of the Parsons shall be as empty wind; they shall be as toothless

hearts are full of cruelty and corruption." 21. "With the Hate with which they provoked war, are they filled; they are not glut-

ted with the shedding of much blood.' 22. They have despised the Covenant You remember Robert Lincoln, son of the | they have trodden under their feet the law.

25. They, and their Harlots and Preach 26. "And behold the sound of Cany voices

went forth to praise the wisdom of the King.' *27. And the people said, "Let the memory of the radicals be held accarsed-take away from us the sons of Belial." 28. "Behold these are they who now cry

for blood, they would snatch riches from the 29. "The craft of Thaddeus, and of Sum-

ner, and of Forney hath been made manifest, let their desires perish with them." 30. "As a skunk from its tail sendeth forth perfume, so hath Forney scattered his spite

31. "He rageth that he hath become pow erless, and is despised by the people." 32. "Of his own poison, hath his blood be

come corrupt, as a dead duck he stinketh. 33. And Thaddeus, hearing these things, roing forth shook the dust from his hoof, as a testimony against the King and the peo-

34. Saying, "Howl! Howl! ye my friends for the end approacheth; and earthquakes encompass our footsteps."

35. 'I tremble with exceeding great fear the Spring-Garden butchers have appeared unto me."

ey. "The very man," said Daniel Webster, "of all others who has the deepest interest modern evils. Home should be the very in a sound currency, and who suffers most by mischievous legislation in money matters, is the man who earns his daily bread by his daily toil. A depreciated currency, changes of price, paper money falling between morning and noon, and falling still lower between noon and night-these things constitute the very harvest-time of speculators, and of the whole race of those who are at once idle and crafty; and of that other race, too, the Catalines of all time, marked so as to be known forever by one stroke of the historian's penmen greedy of other men's property and prodigal of their own. Capitalists may outlive such time. They may either prey on the earning of labor by their cent. per cent., or they may board. But the laboring man

The Second Book of Chronicles. he becomes the prey of all. His property is in his hands. His reliance, his fund, his productive freehold, his all, in his labor. -Whether he work on his own small capital or another's, his living is still earned by his industry; and when the money of the country becomes depreciated and debased, whether it be adulterated coin or paper without credit, that industry is robbed of its reward. He then labors for a country whose laws cheat him of his bread."

The above should be inscribed in letters of gold upon an immortal tablet. They are words of wisdom, that the class to whom they are addressed are prone to forget, greatly to their disadvantage and to their sorrow. The whole financial system of this country is now based upon an irresponsible paper currency-more vicious and worthless in its relation to gold than any Mr. Webster saw during his political career. The laboring men have been foolish enough to sustain, by their votes this policy, which is consuming their small resources and rendering the maintenance of the most frugal existence almost impossible. Will they never awake to their true interests, and demand that this public swindling and robbery shall cease?

Happy at Home.

A little straw of every day habit, floating slowly and silently down the stream of life, shows very plainly which way the tide sets. And when Mrs. Purple says with a groan, "My husband never spends his evenings at home," it is natural to inquire within one's self why it is that Mr. Purple finds other resorts so much more attractive than the household altar!

"I don't see why he can't be a little more domestic," says Mrs. Purple.

Well, why is it? There is a reason for for since the beginning of the second month the present. And so they look and price hand be raised that we perish not from the everything in the world, say philosephers, and there must be a reason for this.

In the first place. Mrs. Purple is one of those unfortunate housekeeper whose work is never done. There is always something dragging-a room to be swept, lamps to be left by Mr. Purple, on the doorstep. "There,

And Mrs. Purple goes off into a monoto nous recapitulation of her troubles and trials age to perpetrate, and which he should find baby and all, for the toys. Her anxiety re- 17. "Go ye, therefore, into your fields and that has the effect of a lullaby upon the ba-

Moreover, Mrs. Purple, with all her 'clean -

ing up,' does not understand the elementa-Things are always "round in the way :" table covers put on awry : dust as hes under the grate; curtains torn away from their fastened and pinned up until Mrs. Purple 20. "They are devils and not men; their can "find time" to readjust them. Somehow it looks forlorn and desolate, and unhomelike when the master of the house comes in at night. Mr. Purple, manlike, can't tell where the the defection lies-he don't analyze the chill that comes over his heart as he crosses the threshold-he only knows that "things don't look ship-shape ! And so he takes his last when his wife's back is turned and sneaks ignominiously off, glad to get away from the dead-alive fire, the can blame the man? Mr. Purple may be "lazy," and "careless," and "selfish," very likely he is-most men have a tendency that way-but nevertheless he don't like to be told of it over and over again, in that persistent, illogical sort of way that reminds you of an old hen running from side to side in her coop, and poking her head through the bars in the same place every seven seconds! Mr. Purple naturally wonders why his wife don't occasionally allude to the few good qualities he happens to possess! Mr. Purple has every inclination to be happy at home, if his better half would only give him a chance.

Of all the sweet tinted pictures of domestic happiness that we find in the pages of Holy Writ, there is none that suggests more comfort than Abraham sitting in his tent door "in the heat of the day" under the shadow of the palm trees of Mamre. Depend upon it, the good old patriarch never spent his evenings away from home. He didn't believe in "just running across the plains to Lot's house," or going over to Sodom to hear the news." No. Abraham liked to sit quietly by his tent door, and very likely Mrs. Sarah would come and lean over his shoulder and chat with him after the Oriental fashion! We have the very best of testimony for knowing that she was very amiable under the ordeal of "unexpected company," when "the calf tender and good" was dressed, and the three measures of fine

The idea of looking beyound the sphere of home for enjoyment is at the root of our centre and sanctury of happiness; and when it is not, there is some screw loose in the domestic machinery! If you want to surround a young man with the best possible safeguard, don't overwhelm him with maxims and homilies as to what he is and is not to do, but make his home happy in the evenings. Let him learn that however hard and cruel the outside world may be, he is always sure of sympathy and consideration in one place! Woe betide the man, whatever his lot or position, who has in his heart of hearts no memory of a home where the sunshine never faded out and the voices were always sweet. Where he as Rothschild, he is a poor man.

Some say the quickest way to destroy "weeds is to marry a widow. It is no doubt